LEAVE IT TO THE SAILORS

Respectfully Inscribed
to
CAPTAIN W.A. MOFFETT, U. S. N.
Commandant of Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

Leave It To The Sailors

A Musical Bombardment in Two Acts.

Book by
Chaplain CHARLES W. MOORE, N.N.V.
and DAVID WOLFF

Lyrics and Music by
JAMES C. O'KEEFE, U. S. N.

Production staged by
Chaplain CHARLES W. MOORE, N.N.V.
and DAVID WOLFF

Act I.

1. PRELUDE AND OPENING CHORUS
2. GOOD-BYE AMERICA
3. LOVE, WAKE FROM YOUR SLUMBER
4. ON THAT CUPID SPECIAL BOUND FOR HONEYLAND
5. EPHRIHAM
6. I BELIEVE IN YOU
7. ORIENTAL LOVE
8. S.O.S. CUPID
9. ENSEMBLE

Act II.

10. OPENING CHORUS: "WE'RE GLAD THAT WE SEE LAND"
11. I WANT TO LIVE IN A BUNGALOW
12. SAY BOY, BUT THAT WAS SOME DREAM

13. THE RED CROSS GIRL
14. LAND 'O DREAMS
15. I WANT MY HOME TOWN GIRL
16. WASHINGTON D.C.
17. FINALE.

Produced at the
Auditorium Theater May 9th and 10th
Benefit
of the
GREAT LAKES AUXILIARY OF THE NAVY RELIEF SOCIETY.

PRELUDE AND OPENING CHORUS

Act I.

Lyric and Music
By JAMES C. O'KEEFE.

Lento

pp

Starboard Watch

ritard - molto pp

ff p rit.

ff p

ff ff ff

mf

accel. p

Rubato

mf a tempo

rit.

p a tempo

Starboard Watch

mf

ff pp

f Aullo. p pp

f f f

rit. ad lib.

Allegretto

mf

rit.

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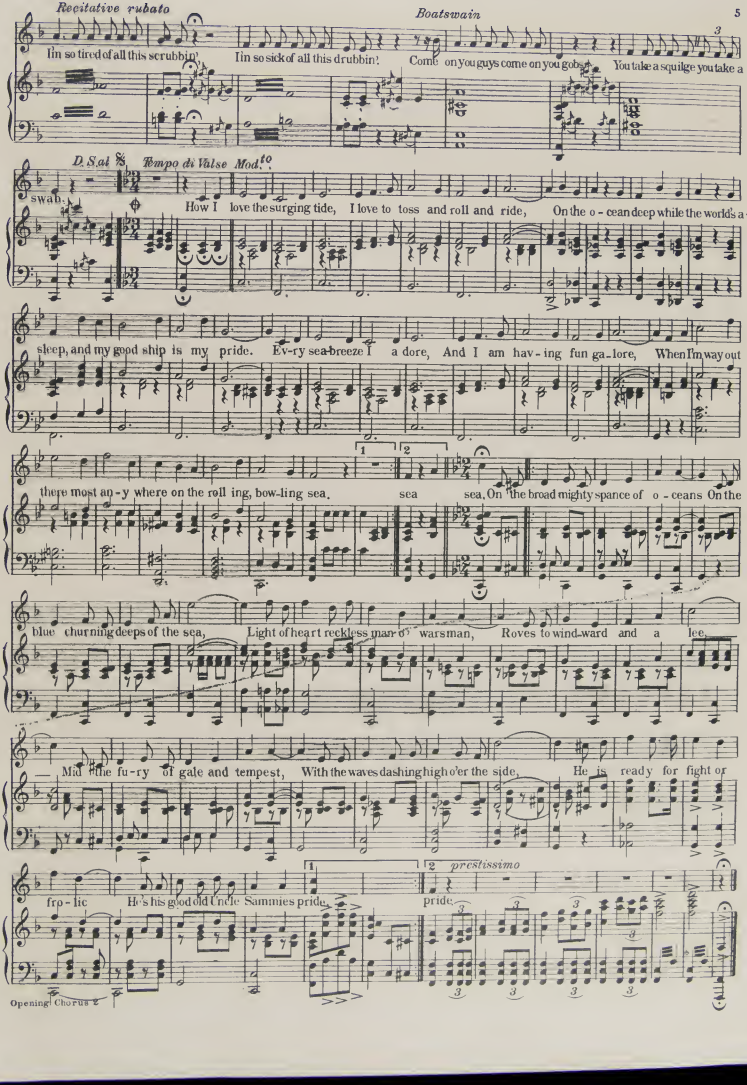
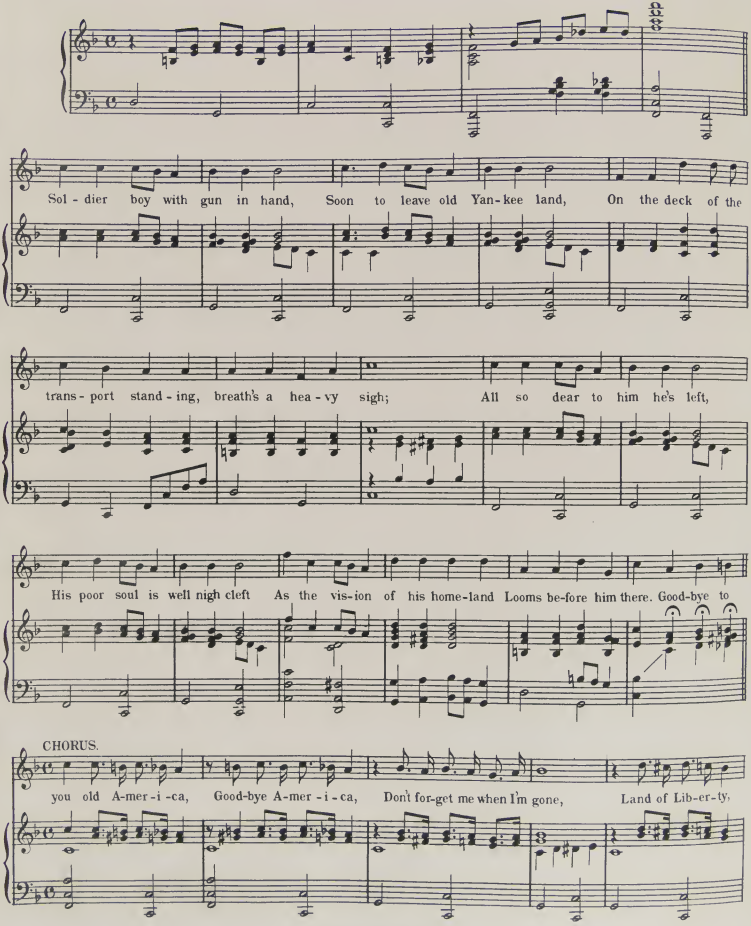
CHORUS
Slow-ly the sun from its rest-ing place climbing, gladens the earth with its ra- diant light. Joy is its tok-en night's spell is broken,
mf
hastened a-far by its si-lent might. Joy is its tok-en night's spell is brok-en hast-ened a-far by its might.
Allegro vivace
SCRUB SONG-CHORUS
How I hate to scrub these decks, Work from morn till night by heck,
Bossed a-round by a crab-by bo'sun, Toil from morn till night's his no-tion, Up with a grudge at five A. M.
rit.
Chucks down a plate of chow pro tem. Life a board's but work and wor-ry when you're out at sea.
Andante moderato
When I serve my full four years, me for something ea- sy. Me for a job in a swell chop house where things are nice and greasy,
Im going to be a movie star and give my la-dy friends pass-es Me for my shack on the Bowe-ry and quit this shin-ing brass-es.
rit.


Recitative rubato
Boatswain
I'm so tired of all this scrubbin', I'm so sick of all this drubbin! Come on you guys come on you gobs. You take a squilge you take a
D.S.al 𝄋 Tempo di Valse Mod.to
swab. How I love the surging tide, I love to toss and roll and ride, On the o - cean deep while the world's a -
sleep, and my good ship is my pride. Ev-ry sea-breeze I a dore, And I am hav - ing fun ga - lore, When I'm way out
there most an - y where on the roll ing, bow-ling sea. sea sea, On the broad mighty spance of o - ceans On the
blue churning deeps of the sea, Light of heart reckless mar - o' warsman, Roves to wind-ward and a lee.
— Mad the fu - ry of gale and tempest, With the waves dashing high o'er the side, He is ready for fight or
fro - lic He's his good old Uncle Sammies pride. pride.
prestissimo

GOODBYE AMERICA

Lyric and Music
By JAMES O'KEEFE.


Sol - dier boy with gun in hand, Soon to leave old Yan - kee land, On the deck of the
trans - port stand - ing, breath's a hea - vy sigh; All so dear to him he's left,
His poor soul is well nigh cleft As the vis - ion of his home - land Looms be - fore him there. Good - bye to
CHORUS.
you old A - mer - i - ca, Good - bye A - mer - i - ca, Don't for - get me when I'm gone, Land of Lib - er - ty.

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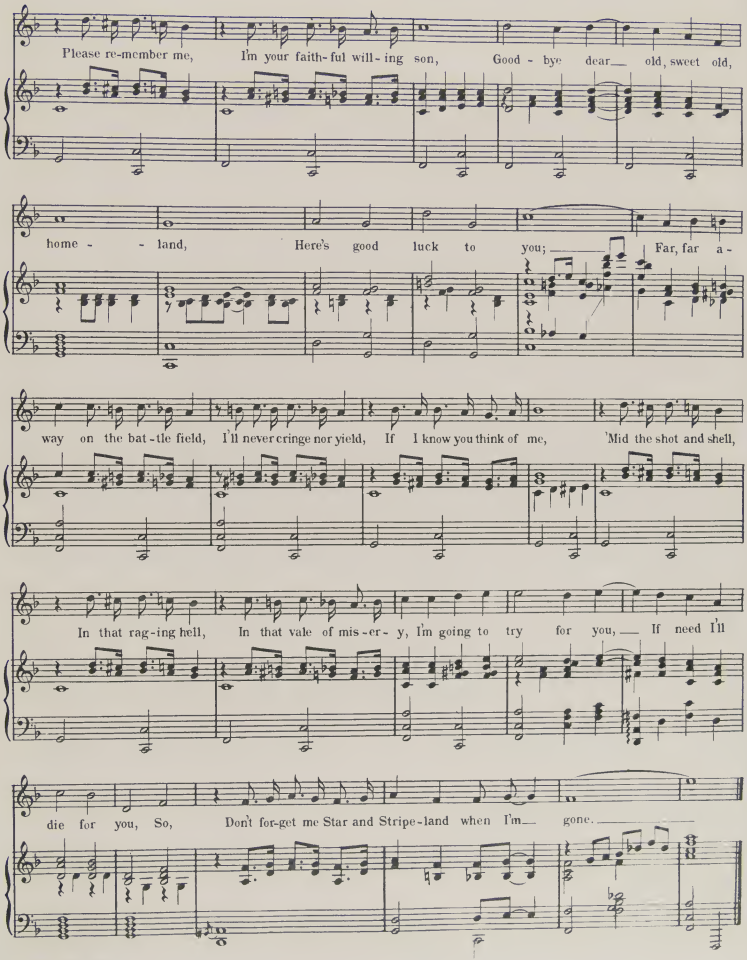
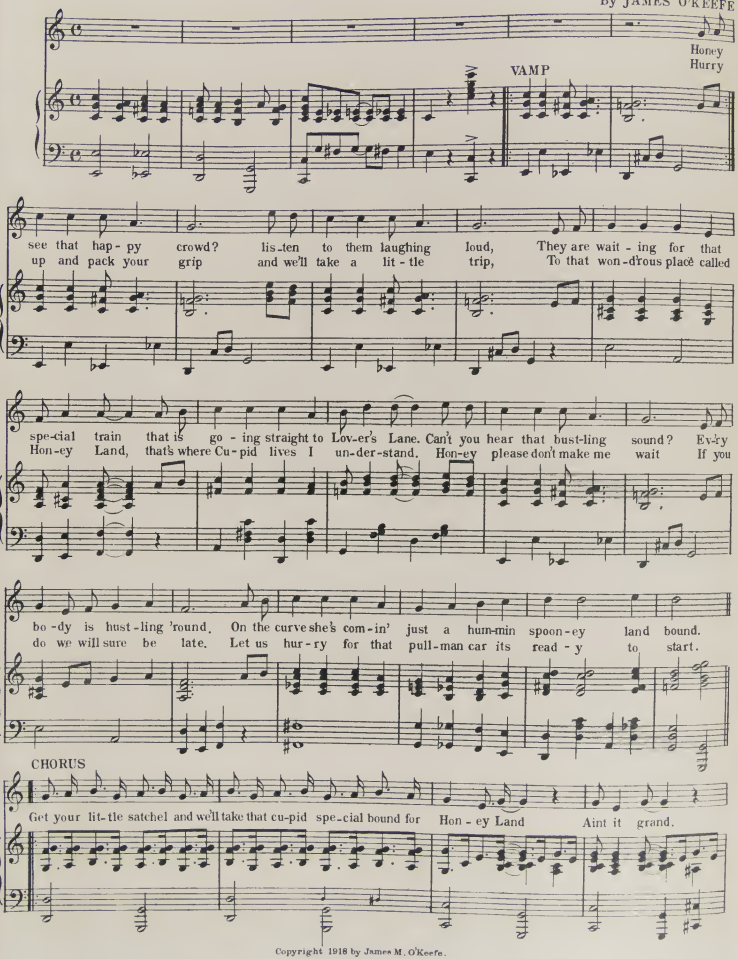

Please re-member me, I'm your faith-ful will-ing son, Good - bye dear old, sweet old,
home - - land, Here's good luck to you; Far, far a-
way on the bat-tle field, I'll never cringe nor yield, If I know you think of me, 'Mid the shot and shell,
In that rag-ing hell, In that vale of mis-er-y, I'm going to try for you, If need I'll
die for you, So, Don't for-get me Star and Stripe-land when I'm gone.

ON THAT CUPID SPECIAL BOUND FOR HONEY-LAND

Lyric and Music
By JAMES O'KEEFE


Honey
Hurry
VAMP
see that hap - py crowd? lis-ten to them laughing loud, They are wait - ing for that
up and pack your grip and we'll take a lit - tle trip, To that won-drous place called
spe-cial train that is go - ing straight to Lov-er's Lane. Can't you hear that bust-ling sound? Ev-ry
Hon-ey Land, that's where Cu-pid lives I un-der-stand. Hon-ey please don't make me wait If you
bo-dy is hust-ling 'round. On the curve she's com-in' just a hum-min spoon-ey land bound.
do we will sure be late. Let us hur-ry for that pull-man car its read - y to start.
CHORUS
Get your lit-tle satchel and we'll take that cu-pid spe-cial bound for Hon - ey Land Aint it grand.

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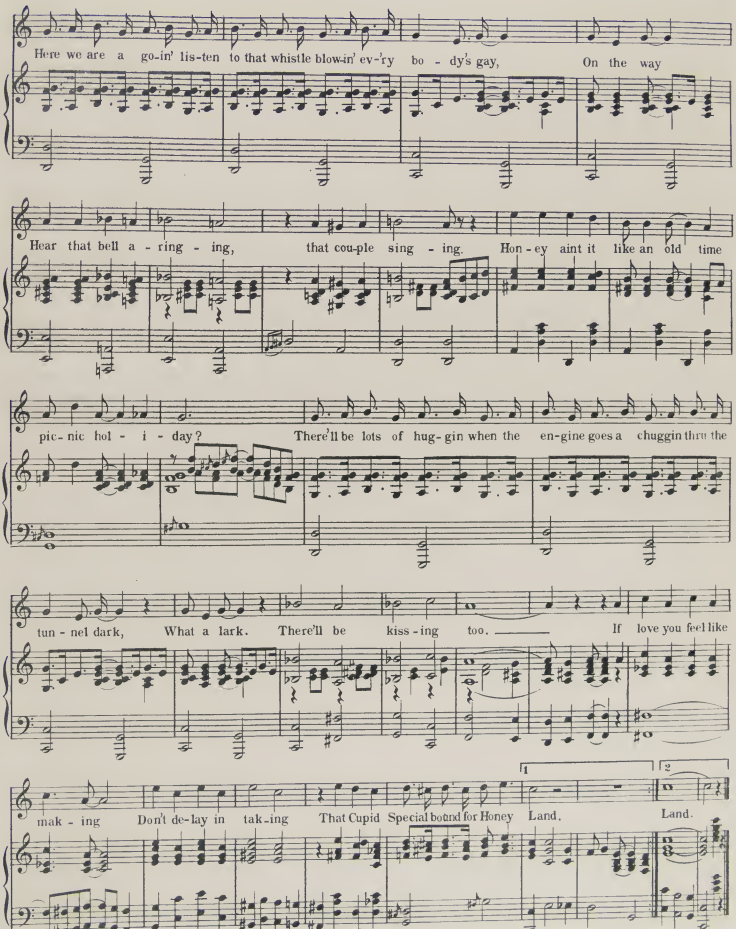
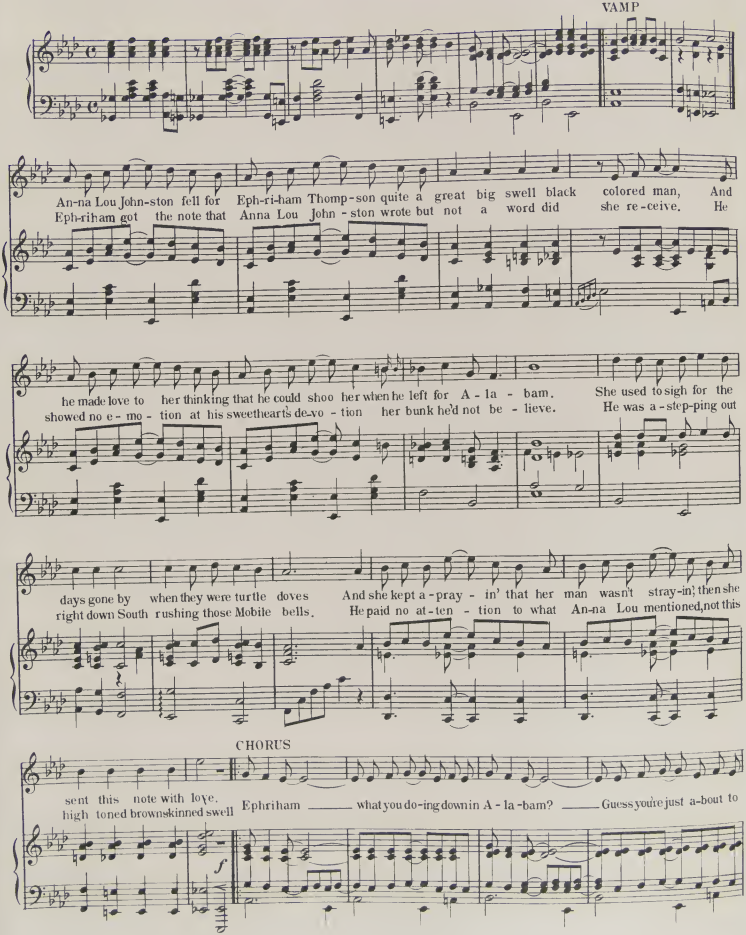

Here we are a go-in' lis-ten to that whistle blowin' ev-'ry bo - dy's gay, On the way
Hear that bell a - ring - ing, that cou-ple sing - ing. Hon - ey aint it like an old time
pic- nic hol - i - day? There'll be lots of hug-gin when the en-gine goes a chuggin thru the
tun - nel dark, What a lark. There'll be kiss - ing too. If love you feel like
mak - ing Don't de-lay in tak-ing That Cupid Special bound for Honey Land. Land.
1
2

EPHRIHAM

Lyric and Music
By JAMES O'KEEFE

VAMP


An-na Lou John-ston fell for Eph-ri-ham Thomp-son quite a great big swell black colored man, And
Eph-riham got the note that Anna Lou John-ston wrote but not a word did she re-ceive. He
he made love to her thinking that he could shoo her when he left for A-la-bam. She used to sigh for the
showed no e-mo-tion at his sweethearts de-vo-tion her bunk he'd not be-lieve. He was a-step-ping out
days gone by when they were turtle doves And she kept a-pray-in' that her man wasn't stray-in', then she
right down South rushing those Mobile bells. He paid no at-ten-tion to what An-na Lou mentioned, not this
CHORUS
sent this note with love.
high toned brownskinned swell Ephriham what you do-ing down in A-la-bam? Guess you're just a-bout to
f

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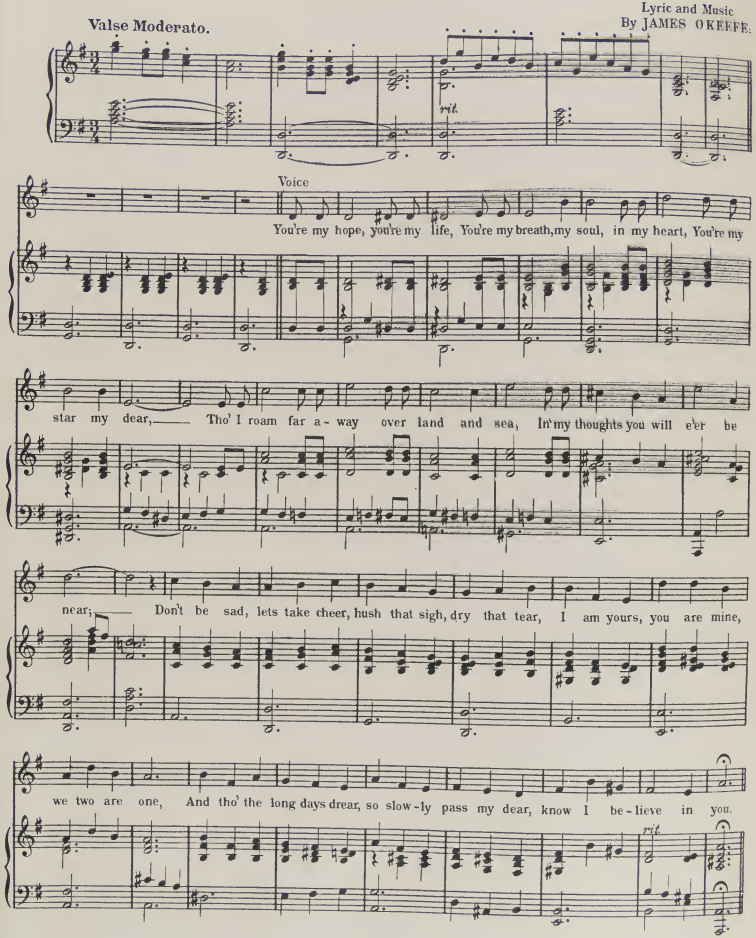
pass me up for some oth-er colored la - dy.
Eph-ri-ham you don't know how much I
miss you hon - ey I waste my life a - way
wond'ring what you're doing, won-d'ring who you're wooing, oh
Ephri-ham aint you nev er com-ing back no more, I aint done a thing to make you sore.
Come a-long we'll have a lov-er's ju - bi-lee, 'neath the sil-ver-y moon, it's shining oh so bright to-night,
1
2
I'm all a-lone not a man in sight oh Eph-ri -ham wish'd you was here.
here.

I BELIEVE IN YOU

Lyric and Music
By JAMES O'KEEFE.


Valse Moderato.
rit.
Voice
You're my hope, you're my life, You're my breath, my soul, in my heart, You're my
star my dear, Tho' I roam far a - way over land and sea, In my thoughts you will e'er be
near; Don't be sad, lets take cheer, hush that sigh, dry that tear, I am yours, you are mine,
we two are one, And tho' the long days drear, so slow - ly pass my dear, know I be - lieve in you.
rit

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CHORUS
E'en tho' I look a - way to sea And still no fleck of sail there be Some-where I
know be - yond the mys-tic blue wa - ters, Some-one is wait-ing for me, E'en tho' the bar - ren
des - ert's sands, Come be-tween my own and me, My love shall al - - ways
be yours, dear, for ev - er, ev-er and ev - er, And naught shall cleave us two, dear, I be-
lieve in you. you.
1
2
8va
rit.

ORIENTAL LOVE

Lyric and Music
By JAMES O'KEEFE.

ff
VAMP
pp
Per - sia is the land of en - chant - ment where, won - drous mu - sic
My thoughts wander most ev - 'ry night and day, to that land of
mf
floats on the bal - my air, Dream - ing, gleam - ing, skies are a - bove you
nys - ter - y far a - way, My Girl, Shy Girl, with you I long to
mf
f
there, And I know a maid - en of o - live hue, Wait - ing where I said a -
stay, When the shad - ows gath - er a - round me, dear, Vis - ions be - fore me ap -
dieu, She is my sweetheart fair, I will re - turn to her there. My
pear, Stand - ing be - side the sea, some - one is wait - ing for me.

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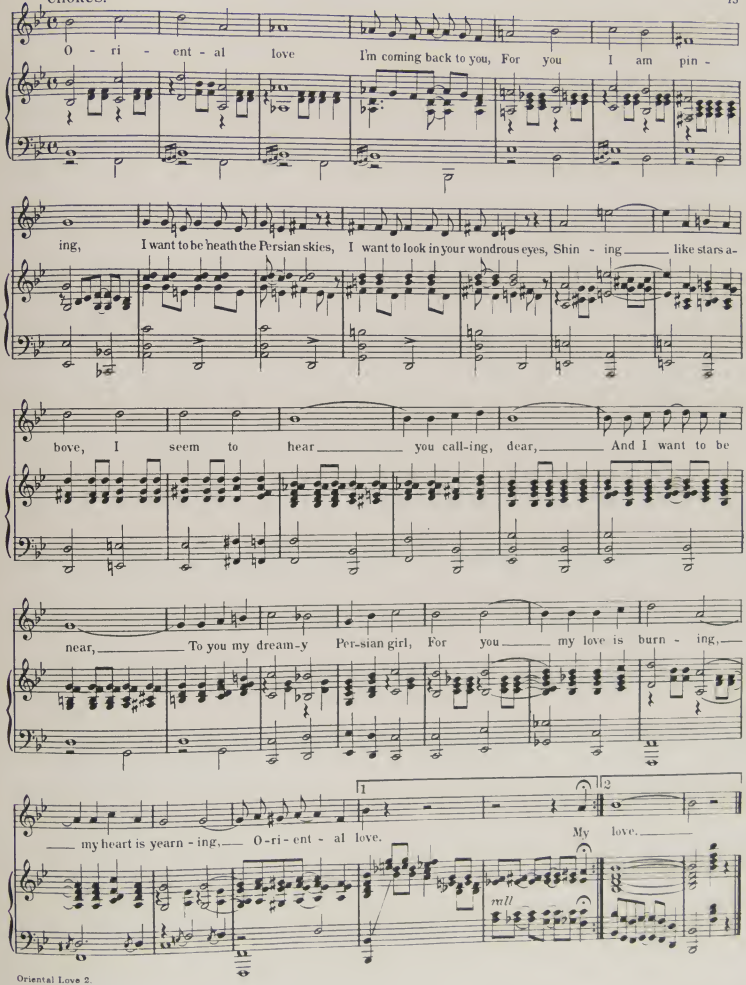
O - ri - ent - al love I'm coming back to you, For you I am pin -
ing, I want to be 'neath the Persian skies, I want to look in your wondrous eyes, Shin - ing like stars a-
bove, I seem to hear you call-ing, dear, And I want to be
near, To you my dream-y Per-sian girl, For you my love is burn - ing,
my heart is yearn - ing, O-ri-ent - al love.
1
2
My love.
mll

S. O. S. CUPID

Lyric and Music
By JAMES O' KEEFE

Allegretto

VAMP

A stormy night, a hopeless plight out on the o-cean of love. No land in sight,
A ship of love, a trip of love ov-er the sea of ro-mance. A night in June,

no starry light shines in the heavens a-bove. Two lov-ers sad, two lov-ers mad
a sil-very moon woo-ing and spooning per-chance. But sad to tell, all is not well

quar-ling with all their might. They de-part sad of heart, lov-er sighs and in de-jec-tion he cries.
up on the good-ship's deck. Rock is struck, boat is stuck hopeless wreck, quickly a message is sent.

CHORUS

moderato

S. O. S. Cu-pid I'm strand - - ed, Out on the

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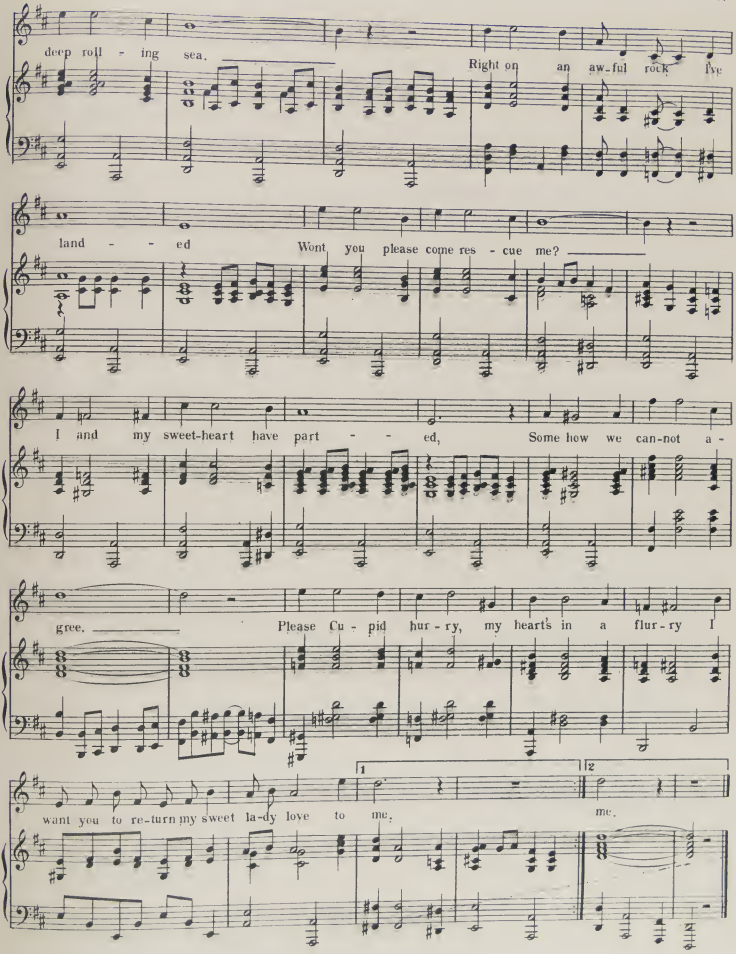
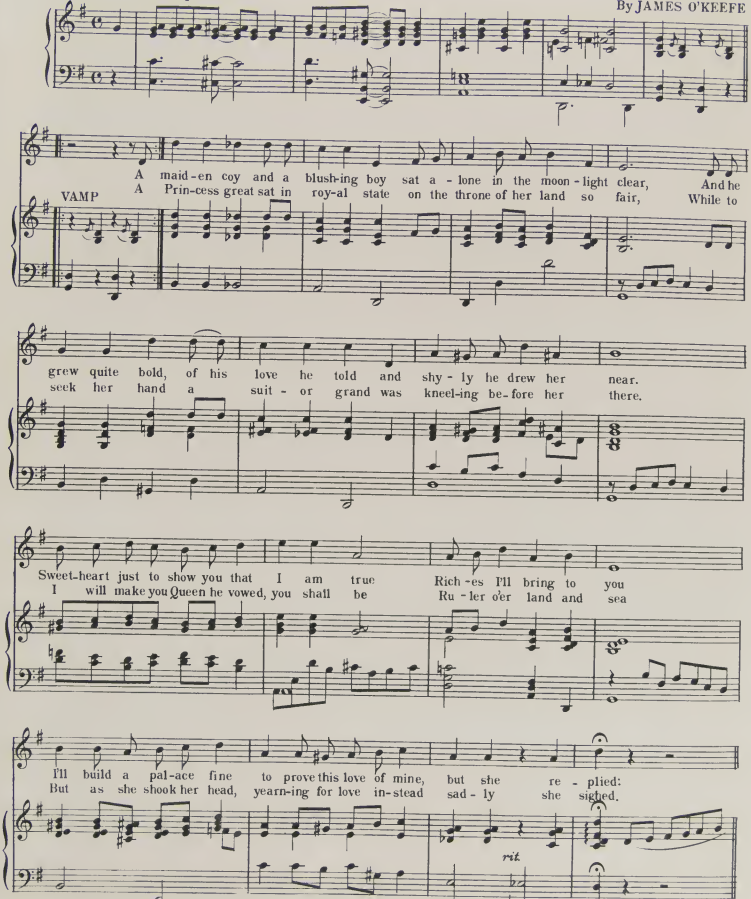

deep roll - ing sea.
Right on an aw-ful rock I've
land - - ed
Wont you please come res - cue me?
I and my sweet-heart have part - - ed,
Some how we can-not a -
gree.
Please Cu - pid hur - ry, my heart's in a flur - ry I
want you to re-turn my sweet la-dy love to me.
me.

I WANT TO LIVE IN A BUNGALOW

Andante con espressione

Lyric and Music
By JAMES O'KEEFE


A maid-en coy and a blush-ing boy sat a-lone in the moon-light clear, And he
VAMP
A Prin-cess great sat in roy-al state on the throne of her land so fair, While to
grew quite bold, of his love he told and shy-ly he drew her near.
seek her hand a suit-or grand was kneel-ing be-fore her there.
Sweet-heart just to show you that I am true Rich-es I'll bring to you
I will make you Queen he vowed, you shall be Ru-ler o'er land and sea
I'll build a pal-ace fine to prove this love of mine, but she re-plied:
But as she shook her head, yearn-ing for love in-stead sad-ly she sighed.
rit.

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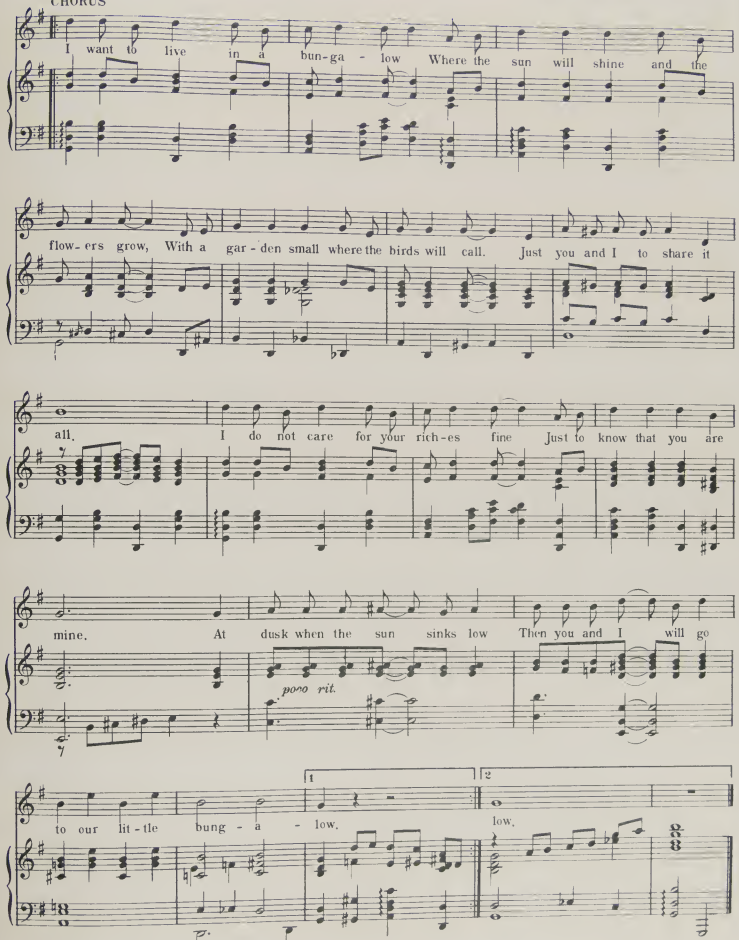
CHORUS
I want to live in a bun-ga - low Where the sun will shine and the
flow- ers grow, With a gar - den small where the birds will call. Just you and I to share it
all, I do not care for your rich-es fine Just to know that you are
mine, At dusk when the sun sinks low Then you and I will go
poco rit.
1
2
to our lit - tle bung - a - low, low,
p.

LAND O' DREAMS

Valse Moderato

Lyric and Music
By JAMES O'KEEFE.

mf
ff
rit.
There's a land I know, where the flow-ers grow, all the year and
It is said by some, that your vis-ions come, to be true in the
a tempo
mf
nev - er die, Where the sun's soft light, nev- er fades to night, and where love is al - ways
Land o' Dreams, So I wish for you, and my wish comes true, in this won - der land it
nigh; When at times I feel, o'er my be - ing steal, A long - ing just for you,
seems; Should it ev - er be, that you long for me, Just seek this land a - far,

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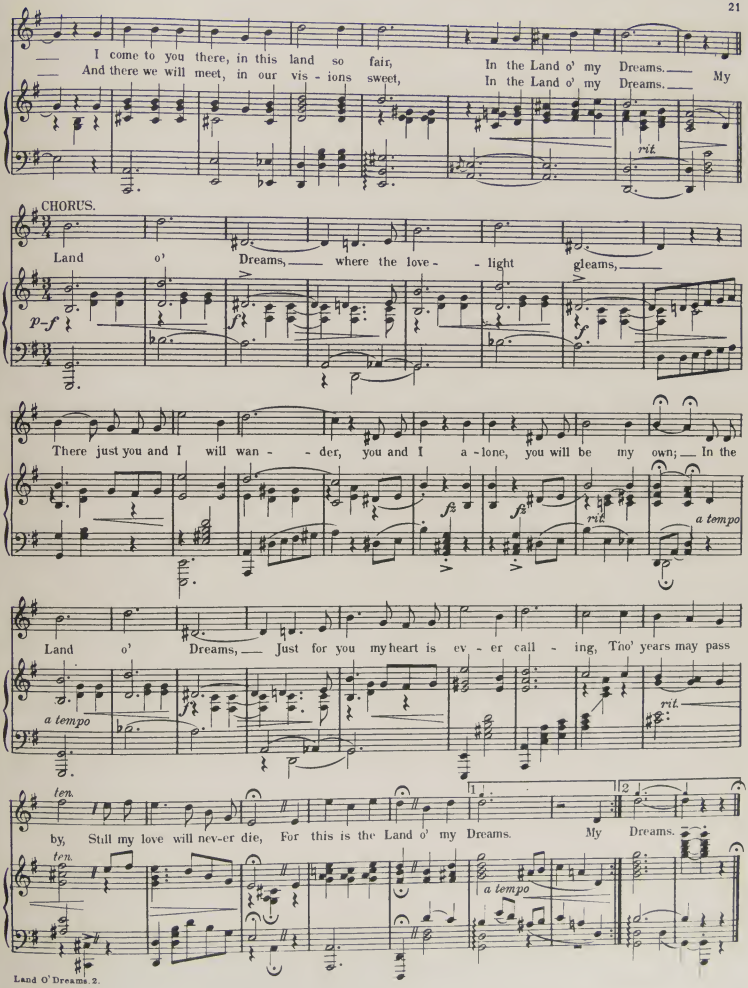
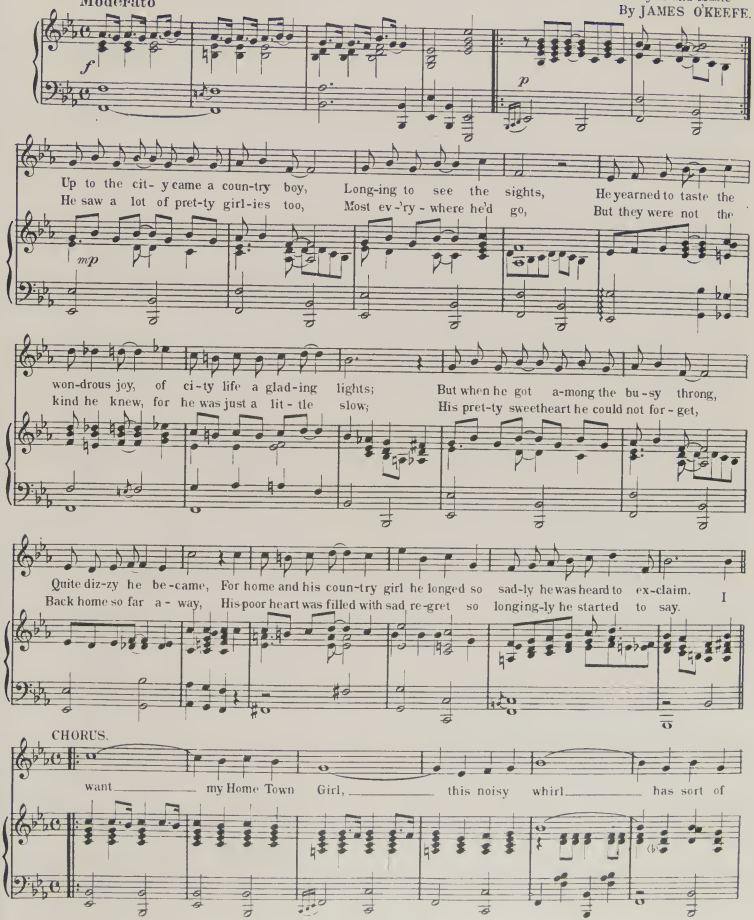

I come to you there, in this land so fair, In the Land o' my Dreams. My
And there we will meet, in our vis - ions sweet, In the Land o' my Dreams.
rit.
CHORUS.
Land o' Dreams, where the love - light gleams,
p-f
There just you and I will wan - der, you and I a - lone, you will be my own; In the
rit.
a tempo
Land o' Dreams, Just for you my heart is ev - er call - ing, Tho' years may pass
a tempo
rit.
ten.
by, Still my love will nev-er die, For this is the Land o' my Dreams. My Dreams.
1.
2.
ten.
a tempo

MY HOME TOWN GIRL

Moderato

Lyric and Music
By JAMES O'KEEFE.


f
p
Up to the cit- y came a coun-try boy, Long-ing to see the sights, He yearned to taste the
He saw a lot of pret-ty girl-ies too, Most ev-'ry - where he'd go, But they were not the
mp
won-drous joy, of ci-ty life a glad-ing lights; But when he got a-mong the bu-sy throng,
kind he knew, for he was just a lit - tle slow; His pret-ty sweetheart he could not for - get,
Quite diz-zy he be-came, For home and his coun-try girl he longed so sad-ly he was heard to ex-claim. I
Back home so far a - way, His poor heart was filled with sad re-gret so longing-ly he started to say.
CHORUS.
want my Home Town Girl, this noisy whirl has sort of

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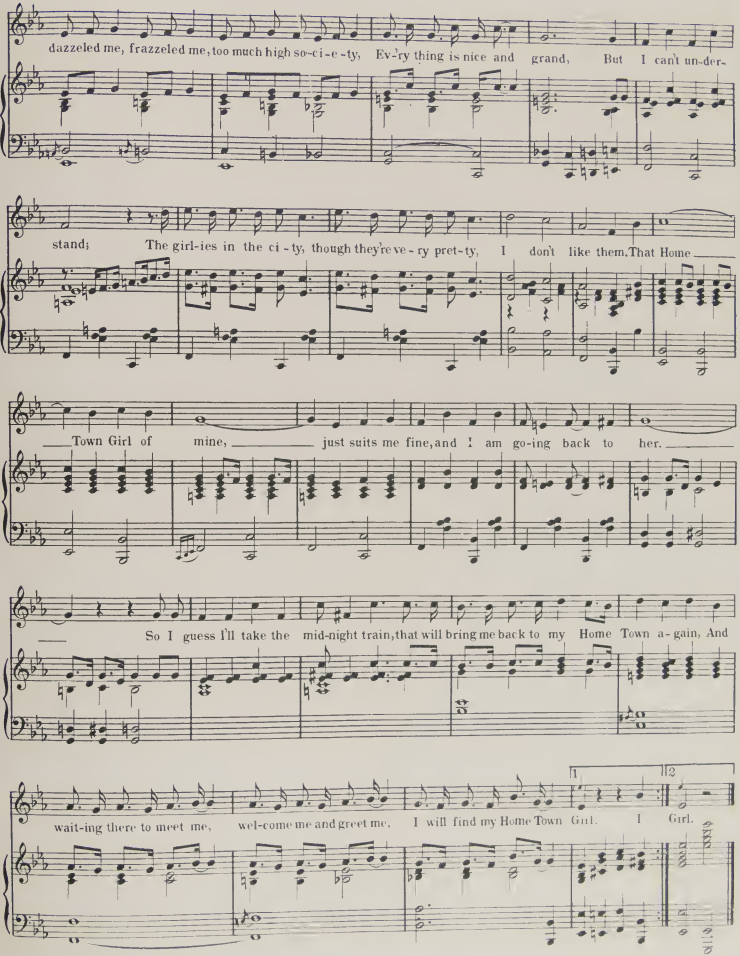
dazzeled me, frazzeled me, too much high so-ci-e-ty, Ev-'ry thing is nice and grand, But I can't un-der-
stand; The girl-ies in the ci-ty, though they're ve-ry pret-ty, I don't like them. That Home
Town Girl of mine, just suits me fine, and I am go-ing back to her.
So I guess I'll take the mid-night train, that will bring me back to my Home Town a-gain, And
wait-ing there to meet me, wel-come me and greet me, I will find my Home Town Girl. I Girl.
1
2